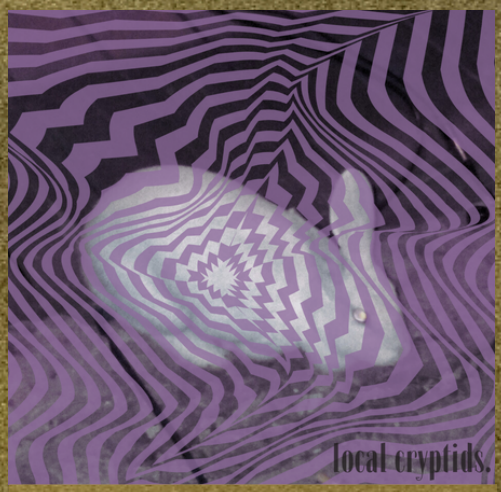
the mourningstar bimonthly

presents

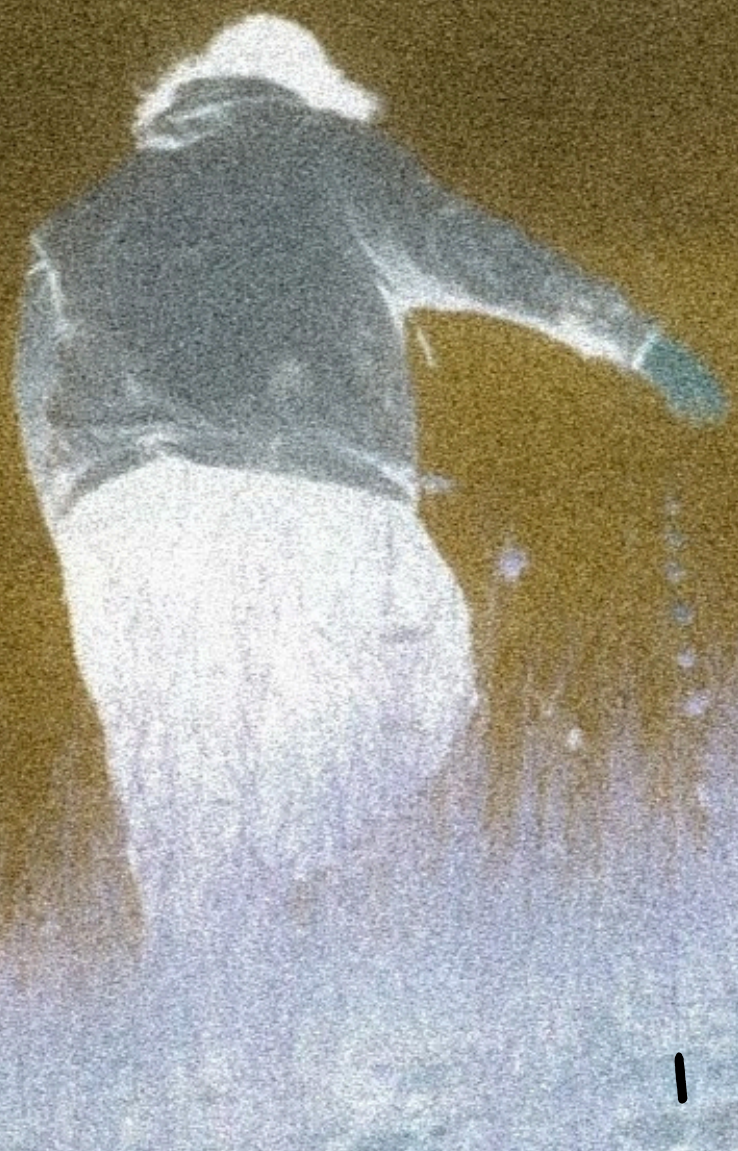
LOCAL CRYPTIDS.

the point.

local cryptids was founded in 2023, by creatures previously undocumented. this zine is a format in which to see through their eyes, and explore their environment, in unprecedented ways.



an unused album cover, originally meant for thier debut EP, “In The Hills.”



oak reona, lead singer and guitarist, also known for his works in Cherry Napalm and Slightly Off Center. Most habitually found in expansive groves or shading under the mountain tops.

the cryptids.

starwalker, drummer, has been spotted around the scene since his days in Pavement and Pain. The more naturally elusive of the two, but can most usually be found at a local watering hole.

absence.

by oak reona.

the original inspiration for "absence", taken in the early hours of a day unknown.

I find it difficult to recall much anymore, when I reach for the summers of before. I get brief glimpses, sometimes. The folds of an expansive grove, whose name rests forgotten. The visages of friends, or maybe enemies, who stir yet only in the back of the back of my mind. The importance of their glances yet evade me, and in turn I do my best to not linger on the thought. For all I know, I was only truly born that morning, any residual sentimentality just the result of a long, aching, hardly remembered dream. My only mother might've been the dingy, yellowed corridor of an unremarkable complex, the swinging glass door, the birthplace of my husk, thrust by unknown force into the drenching, near breathing fog.

Lumbering out into my new world, I found my way through the sparse parking lot, and across the street, not even bothering to look from side to side. I was quite usually the only noticeable spectator of the sunrise, stretching over the hills encasing my disavowed haven. Yet, this morning, the sun must've felt shy, as no eye would be able to settle upon its perceived beauty. A thick fog had settled onto the little mountain town I had inhabited, encroaching upon its very visibility. It was as if several clouds had condensed into a singular, indomitable wall, an intangible leviathan known only through the objects it obscured from me.

absence.

cont.

Where was I going? Where had I arrived from? The obscurity granted me only vague direction, a loose sense of divination towards my path, but enough for me to press on anyhow. A chipped curb here, the sore and graying trunk of a tree there, never giving too much of my setting away. As if the rest of my world was scared to reveal itself. Scared, maybe, or hostage. Ransomed away from me, with a bill I didn't know how to pay. With a ransomer I had no way of grasping. Had I any choice but to follow, to obtain the remnants of what it had left?

snapped from within a dream.

It tastes of nothing, a true nothing. Air, at least, has the wisps and traces of its environment. This has no recorded history of life in its palette, no care for the legacy of what was. The wall of absence intermingled with the sky, now bleak and dark, devoid of sun, star, devoid of empathy. It had no qualm, it was not its place. It is absence, yet it is urgent. insistent. intent.

Keep going. I become conscious of a heaviness, stirring itself in my chest, never settling. Each breath becomes shorter, not shallow, but hollow, the oxygen molecules arrested, detained by that which is the absence of knowing. Keep going. The heaviness becomes lighter, sifting up into my throat, down into my extremities, making itself known only in a small, sharp, hum. Keep going. It does not feel, it simply is, I float through the streets, or what might be the acres of forest by now, if the trees reach out to brush me I could not know.

Keep going.

I stop. There is no setting. It is only. It is only not. It is absence. I am absence.

from within the mind of Artist Kinzie

by oak reona

Q: What got you into art in the first place?

A: When I was 4 years old, my grandma knick named me Doodles, because all I ever wanted to do was draw. Being able to re-create reference photos got me a lot of praise in high-school, but it wasn't until I was in my mid-late 20s that I started to really explore my creativity. I started working as an artist full time when I was 25 customizing bong and pipes with polymer clay. I'm 31 now, and since then I've refined my sculpting and style, still occasionally making a mossy log bong or frog pipe (Bowl Frog), but mainly focusing on hyper-realistic snail and earthworm jewelry I call Taxisquirmy. I have also published an adult coloring book called Canna-Cats, and am currently working on creating a line of Canna-Coloring books. Stoner Sloths should be published by the end of the year! On the side, I enjoy thrifting, fashion, interior design, and occasionally taking a camera and tripod to a cool location and creating art through self-portraits.

Q: Do you have a favorite piece and why is it your favorite?

A: My sculptures are my babies and it feels so wrong to pick a favorite! I've made thousands and I am very proud of a lot of them. I really enjoyed making Dragon Haku from Spirited Away. That movie holds a special place in my childhood. I also created a very elaborate nature themed piece where I sculpted an entire fox skull and some vertebrae. That one took several weeks and was a piece I really struggled with but I love how it turned out and everything I learned from it. One of the only pieces I kept for myself was a self portrait I sculpted when I was going through a very dark time in my life. It's like a journal entry and it reminds me that I can make anything I'm struggling through beautiful.

from within the mind of Artist Kinzie

Q: What's one thing you would tell yourself if you could go back to when you first started creating?

A: I've recently realized just how much money and validation has drained me of the joy that I used to get from creating. It's common knowledge among artists and you hear it all the time, but it happens so gradually, and you get so used to telling people that you love what you do, that you don't even realize how soul-less it really becomes. If I could go back, I would tell her not to lose sight of her joy when trying to create someone else's. I would tell her that making what you love doesn't just come naturally, you have to fight to hold onto that feeling of authenticity and passion through fear of rejection and need for validation or you'll lose it completely without even noticing. You'll confuse the excitement of selling an expensive piece with the excitement of creating something that deeply resonates with you, and soon the former will replace the latter.

"A Coven Of One", picturing the artist themselves.

Instagram:
@artist_kinzie
@taxisquirmy

taken after the release of their debut EP, where they're pictured arriving to is unknown at this time.

one of the first photos captured of the ever elusive starwalker.

a stream, thought to be taken nearby the first recovered photo of both cryptids simultaneously.

the local.

gallery.

the first known photo of both cryptids at once. many have been since recovered, and it is speculated that sightings of the creatures will continue to mystify locals and tourists alike.

artist spotlight

@greys_funky_art

STAFF

the mourningstar bimonthly is headed, written, and edited by oak reona. many of our articles and depictions stem from members of the community. within our pages, we try to tuck as much of ourselves and our passion as we can, holding onto the belief that the essence of creativity necessitates itself.

mourningstar
creations